

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Gay Girl Marie

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I am a youg lover and sorely oppressed
For the loss of a fair maid I can take no rest,
She's handsomely featured in every degree
She's the pride of all beauty, my gay girl Marie.

Her teeth are of the ivory, her cheeks of the rose.
Her skin fair as lilies, her hair black as crows,
She's handsomely featured in every degree
She's the pride of all beauty, my gay girl Marie.

I purposed a letter over to my dove
I purposed a letter with a token of love,
But cursed be the villain who proved false unto me
He never did give it to my gay girl Marie.

He gave it to her father as I understand
He gave it to her father out of his own hand,
Her father was reading it so bitterly
He would alter the case with his gay girl Marie.

He called up his daughter with ire and disdain
Saying, "Here is a love letter from your dear darling swain.
You need not deny it, so plain do I see
He styled you in his letter his gay girl, Marie."

His daughter fell down on her bended knees,
Saying, "Oh my dear father, do just as you please,
But if all my wild horses were brought unto me
I would never deny being his gay girl Marie."

His horses made ready, as I understand,
And this damsel sent off to some foreign land
I've hunted this world over, and over twice three
But I never have found my gay girl, Marie

I'll hunt old Ireland over again
Perhaps I'll find her in some historic land,
But if I never find her I'll moan constantly
And the last dying groan will be for my gay girl, Marie

As I was a-walking along in Court Square
I heard a fair damsel a-making sad moan.

I heard a fair damsel make sorely complain
It was all for the loss of her dear darling swain.

I stepped up to her and this I did say,
"Is this you, my darling? Is this you, I say?
There's an end to my journey though wounded I be
I'll say to you daily, my gay girl, Marie.

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